

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Cute Children.

I Wouldn't Be Cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home,
They love you so fondly, whatever may come.
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I won't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones, and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent, I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal,
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of your hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

—Harper's Young People.

The Owl.

The owl with his saucer-like eyes
May appear exceedingly wise—
But I think he's a stupid thing.
He doesn't even know how to sing—
And sleeps while there's a ray of light,
Then wonders why he can't rest at night.

—Harper's Young People.

Children's Frattle.

FIRST BOY—What did you do durin' the hot days? SECOND BOY—I couldn't do a thing 'cept sit still an' holler.

MOTHER—Is Johnny Johnson well yet. LITTLE DICK—I guess so. I heard his mamma scoldin' him this mornin'.

MOTHER—What did you do with that medicine the doctor left for you? SMALL BOY—I heard there was a poor sick boy in the back street, an' I took it around an' left it for him.

LITTLE MABEL—If you don't stop, I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you. LITTLE JOHNNY—Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy, and I won't give you any.

MOTHER—"I think you ought to be grateful to your father for getting you such a nice knife, instead of complaining." LITTLE JOHNNY—"It's got only two blades." "You can't use but one blade at a time." "Yes, but when two blades get broken there won't be any left."

This conversation between a girl and a boy was heard one Sunday afternoon: Girl—"I had a rabbit once." Boy—"Had it long or short hair?" Girl—"It had long hair and I had to take great care of it, because the long-haired rabbits are much more delicate than the short-haired." Boy (very seriously)—"Then why didn't you cut its hair short and then it would have been strong."

A BICYCLE has been held to be a vehicle, and is within the purview of the law regulating the use of vehicles. Its proper place is upon the roadway and not upon the sidewalk. Persons riding a bicycle on the sidewalk are subject to the penalties prescribed by the ordinance for riding or driving upon the sidewalk, and are also liable to a civil action for assault and battery if they rudely or carelessly ride against a pedestrian while going so.

THE word "grand" is misused so much that the meaning has almost become synonymous with "jay."

The Detective's Mistake.

He was considered one of the best in his line. The case that required the most intelligent, persistent and careful work was the one that was usually assigned to him. He had been at work on one for three or four weeks, and at last had secured what he considered "clinching evidence." It was a bribery case, and his work had been to entrap the would-be briber. He had done it. He had secured a single \$10 note of the bribe money, but that was enough. The envelope containing the money had been opened in the presence of three persons, and each had put his mark on the bill so that it could be identified.

Naturally he was jubilant. People will be when then think they have won great victory and he had all the evidence he wanted in his pocket—an inside pocket at that. The bird was practically caught and he went home exulting.

Now, mark what can happen to a man who has victory practically won but is careless. He thought of going to headquarters and depositing his evidence in a vault, but it was a long distance and then it would be better anyway to go to the chief in the morning and announce that he had bagged the game. So he took it home.

Once or twice he thought he was followed, but when he reached home he scouted the idea, turned in and slept soundly. Robbery did not occur to him, even in his dreams.

In the morning—well, in the morning the money was gone. He almost fainted when he discovered the loss, and rushed into the dining room crying: "I've been robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Nonsense," replied his wife. "What is missing?"

"A \$10 bill."

"I took it," she said calmly. "I wanted to pay the butcher and I didn't want to wake you. But I didn't touch the money in your pocketbook. I just took that loose \$10 bill that was in your inside pocket. I'll get you another, if you need it, but I thought that was one you had put aside for me."

He didn't try to explain. He didn't even answer; but he hunted up a broad, smooth sheet of water, and for an hour stood looking out over it muttering to himself. At last he seemed to have made up his mind. He hastily wrote a note to the chief, took it to headquarters and left it. A minute later he was lost in the crowd on the street.

The note read:

"Please put me back on patrol duty. Several years ago I made a serious blunder that makes me unfit for detective work. I married."—Free Press.

Natural Barometers in Finland.

One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it can be seen in many places. It is a natural barometer and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called semakuir, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and niter. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.

A FAMOUS prince advertises that he desires to sell his titles and arms, which are guaranteed by genuine sheepskin documents of the reign of Henry IV. What an opening this is for a wealthy Chicago pork-packer who wants to shine in continental politics.

The Surf as an Enemy.

"A good surfman," said an old habitue of Long Branch to a New York Advertiser man, "if he is on a strange shore, where there are liable to be any currents, will study them before he enters the water; but, as a rule, dangerous currents are few. If he knows the coast he will wait until a wave is about to break, then make a dive through it, not too deep a dive, though, for sand will scrape like a file. If the surf is heavy and rapid, as soon as his head is out of the water he will look for and expect the next one. If it breaks before it reaches him he will dive under the whirling stretch of foam and save a lot of his strength. If not, he will either ride over it, or dive through it. But he never becomes careless. He looks upon the surf as an enemy if he is not careful, and as a means of giving him pleasure if he handles himself as he ought."

"The most dangerous bathing is where there is a sea push, or, as the sailors call it, a sea puss. It is a current which runs from the shore along a canal between two sand bars. The waves breaking over the bars meet on shore and run out together in the deep channel. There is no chance for the ignorant swimmer who is caught in a sea push. The experienced one will never swim against it; he will go with it, keeping his feet well up, until he gets a chance to cross it. The danger of the undertow is not great except in rare places. But in the cases of women and children the undertow might be considered as rather a bad thing in this way: If a strong sea breaking well on shore by its force knocks a woman or a child down, in receding it will invariably drag them out a short distance with it. But the force and power of the undertow have been very much over-estimated, and there is really not much danger in it. When fatal accidents occur I find there are generally caused by exhaustion or carelessness."

Unbecoming.

"One of the greatest Blemishes of the Fair Sex" is the subject of a quaint warning addressed to the reader of "The Young Ladies Conduct," a wise and witty essay on behavior, published in London in 1722. The book is one of the first written specially for women. It is rather amusing reading now, but it contains food for reflection which has not been at all hurt by age.

"Above all," the writer urges, "avoid Anger which is a professed Enemy to Reason, Prudence, and Advice. This Passion once let loose and encouraged soon grows domineering, and quarrels with the most trivial things in Nature. A drop of Rain falling on the Angry Person's Garments is Cause enough to raise a Tempest in the Mind that Reason cannot quell."

"There is a Consideration I should think has Weight sufficient to allay this Passion, that is, that there is nothing so pernicious to the Fair, and puts so bad a Face upon them. It gives an ill natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the whole Countenance; it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes the face worse than Brandy; I have seen it overspread the face with heat Spots, as a Lady has been chiding her Servant for the Breaking of a Glass, or Pinning her Manteau awry; and indeed never knew an Angry Woman preserve her Beauty long."

"Be careful then to nip this unruly Passion in the Bud; suffer not yourself to be made uneasy for Trifles, so will you sooner stifle your Anger upon greater Occasions; to get such a Conquest over the Heart will be a Triumph worthy of yourselves. Anger is the very Death of Beauty, Grace, Virtue. Consider Ladies how far you are addicted to this unbecoming habit and reclaim yourselves by the contrary Virtues of Patience, Meekness, and Forbearance."

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Judge the Future by the Past.

History, it is said, repeats itself. Looking back now to the conditions immediately preceding the French revolution, the student of history sees ample warning of that terrible outbreak of an oppressed and plundered people; warning that it seems could not have failed to arrest the attention of the most casual student of corrupt affairs. Yet the writings of Thomas Jefferson, who was the United States minister to France just prior to the revolution, disclose no hint of apprehension even in his mind of the cyclone of wrath which was about to break upon that country, sweeping away the established customs of centuries and leaving a trail of horror, blood and devastation across the pages of history.

Love of country, love of humanity, love of our families, demand that we study existing conditions and see what they portend for the future. Here are two press dispatches from a single state which appeared together in the Sunday dailies without eliciting any comment, and which were probably not noticed or passed without a thought of their significance by thousands of readers of the papers in which they appeared:

PITTSBURG, September 3.—As the excursion steamer City of Pittsburg, was passing Homestead to-night some of the passengers shouted "Seab!" at the workmen in Carnegie's mill. A number of soldiers boarded the tug boat Tide and started for the City of Pittsburg. The two boats collided and the militiamen made a bayonet charge on the excursionists. In the rush a woman was knocked down, her leg broken, and severe internal injuries inflicted. A scene of the wildest excitement ensued, which soon developed into a complete panic. Women fainted by the score, and four children were trampled under foot and seriously injured. About twenty-five of the passengers were arrested and taken to Homestead, charged with disorderly conduct.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., September 3.—A riot occurred on the Wilkesbarre & Eastern railway this morning. The contractors have 150 negroes employed, brought from Virginia. These men claim they have been brutally beaten by the bosses frequently, and this morning twenty revolted, and attempted to escape. In the riot which followed, the negroes fought the bosses with stones and clubs. Two negroes were shot, two seriously, but the attempt at escape was successful.

These occurrences did not take place in Germany or Russia, but right here in our own beloved country, the boasted land of the free and the home of the brave. Let every honest, patriotic citizen do their duty that conditions be righted.—Alliance Times.